

The First Cut is the Deepest

by RedQ

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Summary: Barry is captured by Eiling, and the others are forced to watch helplessly as Barry is studied and put through a series of painful tests and experiments. Heavy on the H/C and whump. Warning: Graphic medical situations.

1. A Nightmare You Can't Wake Up From

****This is just a short intro chapter for this story. I'm pretty mean when it comes to Hurt!Barry and Barry whump, so if you don't like H/C fics, then this story isn't for you. There will probably be medical gore and partial torture-like scenes in this fic. Readers have been warned.****

****Without further ado, I hope you enjoy:****

****A Nightmare You Can't Wake Up From****

Cold.

Frigid, mind-numbing cold.

That was all Barry could feel. He felt a shudder run through his body.

Where was he? What was happening?

He tried to open his eyes, but they didn't obey the signals that his sluggish brain was sending. All he could think about was the coldness that was crushing in on him.

Think, he told himself, even though thinking hurt right now. He tried to process something other than the cold that was overwhelming his senses and consuming his every thought.

I'm lying on something, he thought to himself, _Something hard and

_very_cold. _The ground maybe?

Barry tried to move, but his limbs weren't responding. His mind instantly jumped to Zoom. To waking up and being unable to move his legs. Panic welled inside his chest.

No, he thought to himself, _No, if you were paralyzed you wouldn't be able to feel how cold it is. You need to _move_. You need to open your eyes._

Barry finally willed his protesting eyes to open. His retinas were instantly flooded with blinding light, causing him to squeeze them shut again.

Suddenly, Barry could hear voices as if they were coming from far away. At first, all he could make out were mumbling and garbled voices. It took him several moments before he could distinguish any words from them.

"â€|think he's waking up," a woman's voice said.

Barry froze. He was instantly confused and terrified. That wasn't Caitlin's voice. It wasn't Iris's either. He tried opening his eyes again, slower this time, blinking repeatedly to allow them to adjust to the harsh lighting in the room.

He was able to make out a blurred figure in front of him. Even though she was only a few feet away, Barry couldn't make out the woman's face. All he could see when looking at her was a white lab coat.

That's definitely not Caitlin, he thought, after he blinked a few times and her face slowly swam into view. She was young, in her mid-thirties maybe. She had a stern face, and her blonde hair was pulled tightly back into a severe bun. She looked down on him with hard, cold eyes, which then flickered up to look at the person to whom she had been speaking.

"â€|want meâ€|sedate him, sir?" Barry was able to make out.

"No," a deep voice said. Barry felt a weight drop down into a pit of his stomach. Because he recognized this voice. "No, let him stay awake for this," General Eiling's voice said with a hint of cruel amusement.

Through his blurry vision, Barry saw the woman nod and set down the syringe she had been holding. Barry tried to move. He forced his sluggish limbs to respond to his brain's commands. When they finally obeyed, his limbs moved only to meet resistance. He was tied down. Each of his limbs were restrained to the cold, metal table that he had originally mistaken for the ground. With a jolt, Barry realized that he was naked on the table, his uncovered body vulnerable and exposed.

Barry tried not to let fear and panic overwhelm him as he tugged futilely against the metal bands that were holding down his wrists and ankles. He vibrated slightly, trying to phase through the cold metal.

"Ah, ah, ah," he heard Eiling tease. The man stepped closer so that

Barry could now make out his amused smirk, "I had those designed specifically for you. You won't be phasing your way out of here any time soon."

"I'm g-going to get out of h-here, Eiling," Barry stuttered, his teeth chattering from the cold, "And I'm going to l-lock you up. For good this t-time."

"Maybe you shouldn't have let me go the first time, Allen," he smirked, "Now it's you who is _my_ prisoner, and trust me," he said, leaning in to whisper into Barry's ear, "I have no intentions of letting you leave."

Barry shuttered, but his face remained hard and set as he said, "My friends will be looking for me. They'll find you."

Eiling laughed darkly. "You mean _them?" _he asked, grinning as he gestured to the far wall of the room. Barry turned his head the best he could to see where the general was pointing. The wall to the right of him was one giant window, allowing him to see into the neighboring room.

On the other side of the glass stood his friends and family. Joe, Iris, Caitlin, and Cisco all stood looking at him from the other side. They all looked exhausted, both physically and emotionally. Iris had her hand to the glass, and she was clearly trying to call out to him, shouting words that Barry couldn't hear. The glass was sound proof.

With a lump forming in his throat, Barry looked back to Eiling.

"Please," he begged, "Please let them go. You can do what you want to me. Just let them go."

"Can't do that, kid," Eiling said smugly, amused by Barry's pleading, "They're here as a precaution. Let's just say they're here to motivate you, just in case you decide not to cooperate."

"I will," Barry insisted, "I'll cooperate. Please, I'll do anything you say. Just please, _let them go_."

Eiling's grin deepened.

"Please," Barry said softly, closing his eyes, willing this all to be just a nightmare, "Don't do this."

Eiling looked over to the woman in the lab coat. "Begin," his cold voice ordered with a tint of excitement.

The woman and another man who was also in a white lab coat stepped forward to begin their experiments. Barry tugged uselessly at the restraints, but it was futile. He was trapped, and no one would be coming to save him.

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So that's my intro! I know it's short, sorry. Future chapters will be much longer. It might take me a little while to get the next chapter up though.

****Please let me know if you're interested in me continuing this story. I know this whole Eiling concept has been done plenty of times before, but I wanted to put my own spin on it and write it anyways. I plan to focus a little heavier on the experimentation part of it, and I thought it would be more interesting if his friends and family were also there, so hopefully this story won't be a total repeat of a plot that's been done several times before.****

****To those of you who are reading my other story, Crashing, don't worry! I'm almost finished with the next chapter, and I will be continuing to update that story as well. Barry's not out of the woods with his illness yet, and I won't quit on that story until he is :)****

****I usually update more on whichever story is getting the most feedback, so please review!****

****Thanks for reading!****

****RedQ****

2. The First Cut is the Deepest

****Wow! Thanks for the great reviews, guys! I didn't intend to post this next chapter for some time, but your reviews motivated me to write :)****

****And yes, I did change the title of this story. Sorry if that confused anyone! I was just super indecisive.****

****TrueLoveExists02****: I really appreciated your comment! You have no idea how much that turned my day around, so thank you!****

****Katie237****: Thanks for the comment! I'm still waiting anxiously for an update on What Makes Him Tick, so get writing, girl! I'm glad I'm not the only one who loves hurting Barry haha****

****hedgi****: I'll keep Cisco's vibe powers into consideration, and I'll maybe incorporate them into this story later on, but I tend to keep things very focused on Barry in my fics. I'll keep your idea in mind though :)****

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****The First Cut is the Deepest****

"Where have they taken Barry?" Iris asked, visibly shaking from the stress and trauma of being kidnapped and held in an unfamiliar place. They all were standing in a small room, one that reminded Iris of the tiny dorm room she had to share in college. One of the walls, however, had a large glass window that viewed into an adjacent room. The other room was dark though, and all they could see in the glass was their own reflections.

"I don't know," Caitlin said, sounding like she was on the verge of tears, "They separated him from us as soon as they grabbed us. He was

put in another van."

"How did they manage to take him?" Joe asked urgently, still not entirely believing that this was actually happening.

"I don't know," Caitlin answered, "Somehow they managed to drug him. I think they slipped something in his water somehow. He was running on the treadmill, and he went to take a drink. The next thing we knew, he was on the ground and men with guns were rushing in to take over the lab."

"We couldn't stop them," Cisco added, "We couldn't stop them from grabbing him, and then they grabbed us too. I don't know why they took you and Iris too though."

"Probably to use us against him," Joe muttered, "What do you think they want?"

"Who knows?" Cisco said, "They seem to be military. This has Eiling written all over it."

Caitlin nodded her agreement. "Eiling has always been interested in weaponizing metahuman abilities for military use. I wouldn't be surprised if that's what he wants from Barry."

At that moment the light in the other room suddenly went on, allowing them to see what was on the other side of the glass. A small, white medical laboratory took up the other room, a long metal surgical table taking up its center.

They watched as a handful of scientists wearing white lab coats entered the room, a few of them supporting a gurney. With a mixture of shock and dread they all saw an unconscious Barry lying on that gurney.

"Oh my God, Barry," Iris said under her breath.

The scientists transferred Barry's limp form over to the surgical table, securely snapping the metal restraints into place over his wrists and ankles.

"What are you doing to him?!" Joe yelled suddenly, causing the rest of them to jump.

One of the scientists, a woman, glanced absently towards them but ignored Joe's question.

"Strip him," she said lazily to the others. A couple of the scientists started to cut Barry's clothes off.

"Leave him alone!" Joe yelled desperately, "What do you want from him?!"

Just then, no other than General Eiling himself walked into the medical room.

"Your son has a lot that I want," he said standing in front of the glass to address Joe.

"If you hurt him, I swear to God"

"You'll what?" he asked with amusement, "You can't do anything. You're helpless to stop me, and the sooner you get that into your head, the smoother this whole thing is going to go."

"What whole thing?" Cisco asked, "What are you going to do to him?"

"His body holds answers," Eiling drawled, "Answers that can help a lot of people. Answers that I'm willing to do a great deal to get."

"He's a person!" Caitlin yelled, "You can't treat him like some lab experiment!"

"Watch me," Eiling said with a smug grin. He turned to address one of the scientists, "Turn off the sound from their room. I'm sick of hearing them talk already."

One scientist walked over to a control panel alongside one of the walls and hit a few buttons. Team Flash could still hear everything going on in the other room, but they wouldn't be able to communicate to the other side.

The scientists finished removing Barry's clothes, leaving him naked and unconscious on the table. His friends' and familys' concern for him grew when they saw that he didn't stir.

"What do we do?" Iris asked fearfully to the others, "We can't let this happen to him. We can't let them do this to Barry."

"I know," Cisco agreed, "But I don't know how we're supposed to help him from in here. There's no way out."

The room had no windows and only two doors, one leading to a small bathroom, and the other being the entrance through which they had entered the room. Obviously, it was now locked.

"What about the Arrow?" Joe asked, "He might be able to break us out of here."

"Yeah, true," Cisco said, "But he'd have to know where to find us. He doesn't even know that we need help, and it's not like we can contact him from in here."

"Well, someone from team Arrow is bound to notice that we're missing eventually," Caitlin pointed out, "It's only a matter of time."

"Yeah, but that could take forever," Cisco argued, "It might be too late by the time they realize it."

"It's the best hope we have though," Caitlin said sadly.

Their attention was suddenly drawn back to the other room when the female scientist spoke again.

"Lower the temperature more," she said firmly in a thick Russian accent, "We don't want to take any chances."

The team of scientists started to hook Barry up to different machines and inserted an IV into his arm. As they worked, the blonde woman continued to bark orders at them. She was clearly second in command to Eiling.

"General," she said after a few minutes, "I think he's waking up."

The general stepped forward to observe the young scientist on the table. They all saw Barry struggle to open his eyes and the fear and confusion that reflected on his features once he took in his surroundings.

"Do you want me to sedate him, sir?" the doctor asked, holding up a syringe.

"No," Eiling said grinning, "No, let him stay awake for this."

They proceeded to watch helplessly while Eiling taunted Barry, pointing out to him that no one was coming to his aide, and he was powerless to stop what was now going to happen to him. When Barry looked over to them, Iris tried to yell out to him.

"Barry!" she yelled, "Barry, don't worry! We'll find a way out of here!"

Her dad put a hand on her arm.

"Iris," he said gently, "He can't hear you."

Tears started to flow freely down her face when Barry started to beg for Eiling to let them go. Of course that's all that Barry would care about. He wouldn't care about his own wellbeing, as long as his friends and family were free and safe.

Joe glared murderously at Eiling when he smiled smugly at Barry. Joe wasn't normally a violent person, but when someone threatened one of his kids, Joe was a force to be reckoned with. And right now, he wanted to hurt Eiling. He wanted to hurt him more than he ever wanted to hurt someone in his life.

"Begin," Eiling said to the head scientist, clasping his hands behind his back and strolling out of the room, leaving the scientists to their work.

Two of the scientists rushed forward, syringes in hand. They started drawing blood samples from Barry.

"Please," Barry entreated, "Don't do this."

None of them responded to him or even looked at him. They just continued to get their samples. Barry took several deep breaths trying to keep himself calm.

"Okay, take all these samples to the lab to start analyzing them," the woman ordered, "Keep me updated on your findings."

She turned to grab a tray of surgical supplies.

"We'll start by studying the way his healing process works," she said

emotionlessly, grabbing a scalpel.

"Please," Barry said hopelessly, "Please don't."

Iris had to turn her head away when the doctor brought the razor sharp blade down onto Barry's skin. She glided the scalpel along the back of Barry's arm, drawing blood instantly. The beeping from Barry's heart monitor started to quicken as his heart began to race.

Barry didn't scream. He clenched his jaw tightly to stop himself from shouting out, more for his family's benefit than his own. The doctor made several more deep cuts along his arm before finally setting the scalpel down.

"Start the timer," she ordered, "We'll see how long it takes that to heal. Monitor the clotting process as well."

Barry took several deep breaths, breathing through the pain as blood continued to flow out of the veins in his arms. The worst of it was over. Now he just had to wait for the cuts to heal. It wouldn't be so bad. Little did he know, the worst of it had yet to begin.

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Hours later, Barry laid on the table, pale with a sheer sheen of sweat covering his skin. Both of his arms and abdomen were caked with dried blood from the amount of cuts the doctor had made, allowed to heal, and then reopened again.

It never seemed to end. Every time his cuts healed, new ones were formed. He didn't get used to the scalpel. Every time it cut through his skin, he was struck by a new wave of nausea and intense pain.

His family watched painfully while the doctor cut into him again and again. Cisco had to look away, his face turning green from the sight of it. Joe held Iris in his arms as she sobbed while they watched helplessly. Caitlin remained calm, watching the other doctor's movements like a hawk, taking mental notes of every medical procedure they did to him. So far it had mostly been superficial cuts, but some of them were definitely deep tissue incisions.

Barry had long since given up on begging, and he endured everything silently for the most part. Every now and then a small whimper would escape his throat or he would gasp at a particularly deep cut, but for the most part Barry stayed silent.

The doctors worked late into the night, repeating the same experiment countless times as if they were expecting something different to happen. What was Einstein's definition of insanity? Doing the same thing over and over again and expecting a different result? Well, these people were definitely insane. The woman who was in charge was cold and never portrayed any emotion as she worked on him. Barry couldn't help but think to himself that he was in the hands of a mad woman.

Around midnight, the scientists started to wrap it up. They cleaned up their supplies and started grabbing their things.

"I think they're finally done for the night," Caitlin told the others. They all breathed a sigh of relief. Barry was so relieved he thought he might cry. He looked like hell. Varying shades of red covered his arms, legs, and torso. Their last round of cuts that they had made were just starting to heal.

Their relief, however, was short lived because a moment later a new group of scientists entered the room to relieve the first ones.

"No," Joe said under his breath, "No, they're not done for the night. They're just changing shifts."

The scientists exchanged information, and the head woman who was in charge gave directions to the new group of doctors. The expression on Barry's face when he realized it wasn't over was heartbreaking. His face fell and he turned away from them so they couldn't see the tears that had welled up in his eyes.

When the second team of scientists resumed their experiments, Barry's sheer exhaustion started to show. He stopped crying out at the deeper cuts. He barely made a sound as they worked on him. Every time his eyes started to droop, however, he was jolted back to consciousness by another slice of pain.

The rest of them didn't sleep either. How could they, knowing Barry was in the next room enduring intense pain that showed no signs of ceasing any time soon? There was no break for him, no rest. When the morning came around, another team of scientists came in to replace the last ones, and so on it went.

By mid-morning, Barry seemed to have come out of his stupor. He resumed his pleading for the scientists to stop the harsh procedure, but like the others, they were deaf to his pleas. One of them eventually grew tired of the irritation.

"Can I get a gag in here?" he called out impatiently. One of the younger lab assistants stepped forward instantly to roughly shove a piece of cloth into Barry's mouth, squelching out any noise the desperate man was making. Barry gagged slightly, but after a moment he remained silent, tears streaming down the sides of his face.

The others felt their hearts break at seeing Barry being treated this way, gagged and tied down naked like some sort of animal. It was as if he wasn't even a person. He was just a subject to them. This was the first time Barry had shed tears, but it most certainly wouldn't be the last.

"I don't understand how this works," the doctor muttered, staring at the cut he had just made, "It's as if the inflammatory process is accelerated. That makes sense I guess, but how does his body produce platelets so quickly? And how does that not lead to DVT's?"

"Maybe we should get a bone marrow sample," another scientist suggested, "It could tell us more about how his stem cells work, and how his body produces new cells so quickly."

"Excellent idea," the doctor said excitedly, "We should probably run it by the general first though, or at least Dr. Holland. I don't want

to anger her by doing a procedure without her permission first."

"Our orders were that we can do whatever we want, as long as we don't kill him," the other responded, "I say we go ahead and do it."

With both doctors in agreement, they collected their tools. Barry watched them silently, fearful tears still streaming silently down the sides of his face as he looked at the instruments they were preparing, among them being a large needle and what looked like an outsized corkscrew. He felt a wave of nausea just at the sight of it.

"Let's get him cleaned up before we do this," one of them said, wrinkling his nose in disgust as he looked at all of the dried blood that covered Barry's body. The other one gestured at one of the lab assistants, who then came forward with a long hose and without warning, started spraying Barry down with highly pressurized, cold water. Barry squeezed his eyes shut as the frigid water blasted his sore body, causing his unhealed injuries to sting and his entire body to shiver uncontrollably.

Joe moved forward to pound on the glass that separated them.

"That's enough!" he shouted even though he knew they couldn't hear him, "That's good enough!"

Barry continued to shiver violently after the water was pulled away from him. The assistant moved on to spray down the floor, chasing the streaks of red towards the drain in the center of the room.

"We'll have to undo the restraints on one side in order to turn him," one of the scientists pointed out, "Should we bring one of the family members in here just in case he decides to try anything?"

"We could always drug him."

"Yeah, but I don't want that to affect our sample," the other said unsurely.

"Okay, have a guard grab one of the family members then."

No! Barry thought desperately, struggling uselessly against the restraints and the gag in his mouth. One of the guards disappeared out into the hallway, and a moment later he reappeared in the room on the other side of the glass.

Barry watched in horror as the guard pointed his firearm at the group of people in the room, telling them to stand back against the farthest wall. He turned to face the glass, and his lips moved to form words that the others couldn't hear.

"Hang on," one of the doctors said impatiently, "We can't hear you from this side."

He moved forward to the control panel to turn on the speakers from the other room, giving the guard a curt nod once it was done.

"Does it matter which one?" the guard asked him, "Or will any of them suffice?"

"I don't care. Just pick one!" the doctor answered in frustration. The guard nodded and reached out to grab Caitlin roughly by her upper arm. Barry started to panic and started hyperventilating through his nose. The guard returned into the medical room to stand in the far corner with Caitlin's arm still in his grasp and a gun pressed into her side.

"Okay," the doctor said firmly to Barry, speaking directly to him for the first time, "We're going to unstrap you now. You decide to try anything, and we're going to hurt your little friend here. Understand?"

Barry nodded instantly, still struggling to breathe through his nose.

"He can't breathe!" Caitlin said shrilly, "He can't breathe with that in his mouth!"

The guard pressed the gun harder into her side. "Quiet!" he said harshly.

The doctor, however, looked at the subject on the table, seeing that he was, in fact, breathing rather heavily through his nose. He stepped forward and roughly yanked the gag out of Barry's mouth.

Barry coughed several times before speaking again.

"Please," he rasped, "Leave her out of this."

The doctor moved closer to suddenly strike Barry across the face.

"Stop!" Caitlin cried. The doctor ignored her, keeping his eyes on Barry's face, which now sported a split, bleeding lip.

"You speak again," he said dangerously to Barry, "And the next time it will be her that I hit."

Barry glared at him, but he didn't speak again. He turned his head to the side and spat out the blood that was in his mouth. When the doctor was certain that Barry was going to be compliant, he gestured at the other scientist to remove the restraints.

Barry felt a slight hint of relief when the hard metal bands were lifted free from his left wrist and ankle. With indescribable bliss he stretched out the sore limbs. He would never again take for granted the simple ability to bend his knees and elbows. With all of the other pain that they had been inflicting on him, he hadn't really noticed just how stiff and uncomfortable he had been. His back ached terribly from being on the hard, flat table for the last twenty four hours. With one side freed from the restraints he was now able to somewhat stretch out his stiff spine, and it was heaven to him.

His relief was short-lived, however, and it was quickly replaced by an overwhelming sense of dread and anxiety when the two doctors roughly turned him on his side. Being turned like this twisted his still-restrained limbs into an awkward angle, and his dread increased when he saw them pull the wheeled tray full of insidious-looking

surgical instruments closer to them.

They draped him for the procedure, and Barry felt his entire body become wracked with tremors that had nothing to do with the chill of the room or the icy water droplets that still coated his skin.

He tried to focus on Caitlin standing on the far side of the room and not on what the callous scientists were doing with their tools. One of them came up in front of him to hold him tightly by the arm and thigh so that he wouldn't move during the procedure. The other moved behind him where Barry couldn't see him. He felt his fear intensify instantly.

Barry jumped violently when cold iodine was poured over the skin on the back of his hip. He tried to tune out what they were saying to each other and the shrill, rapid beeping of his heart monitor. He could feel his heart beating painfully in his chest and his every nerve seemed to be on edge, waiting for them to start the procedure.

Barry bit his lip painfully to stop himself from crying out when they made the first cut. It didn't matter how many times they had cut into him over the last day. He would never get used to the sharp sting of the thin blade slicing through his skin.

His pain increased when they widened the incision. Barry bit down on his already split lip hard enough to draw blood. Out of the corner of his eye, Barry saw someone hand the doctor the screw-like instrument. As much as he tried to brace himself, he wasn't prepared for the all-consuming pain that overtook him when the doctor brought the screw to his hip bone and started to turn it.

He gasped loudly, blinking back the tears that instantly formed in his eyes as the doctor wound the screw into the bone. Barry would have screamed, but he couldn't seem to get air into his lungs as he felt the sharp pain radiate up his back and down his left leg.

"Hang in there, Barry!" he heard Cisco yell from the other room. The speakers were still on, and Barry was now able to hear their words of encouragement. He gripped the edge of the table with both hands and tried to tune out the grinding noise that the screw was making as it twisted into his hip. He locked eyes with a pale-faced Caitlin and focused on her as he tried to ignore the extreme pain that was demanding to be felt in hip and radiating throughout the rest of his body.

"Okay, I'm in," the doctor announced, proceeding to insert a tube through the opening. Barry's knuckles were white from gripping the table as the scientist started to extract the bone marrow from his hip. He could hear the others continued shouts of support, but he couldn't focus enough to distinguish the words they were saying. It didn't matter though. Just their presence and their familiar voices helped him feel less alone.

It seemed to take an eternity for the doctor to finish the bone marrow extraction, and when it was done, Barry was so relieved, he didn't even flinch as the doctor stitched up the incision he had made.

"You have to bandage that," Caitlin told them severely when they made

to start turning Barry back over without dressing the wound first.

"You're going to want to be quiet," the scientist warned her dangerously.

"Please," she said anyways, "If you don't cover it, it could get infected."

The doctor glared at her with severe eyes. Without looking away from her, he reached down and pressed his fingers forcefully against Barry's incision site. Barry cried out at the unexpected pain.

"What are you doing?!" Caitlin yelled, her eyes filled with fear, "Stop!"

"You open your mouth again, and I'll do much worse to him," the scientist warned, pulling back his fingers. Caitlin closed her mouth tightly, her lips trembling as tears filled her eyes.

The two men roughly turned Barry onto his back and secured his restraints. Barry took deep gasping breaths, still recovering from the procedure he had just endured. Everyone else in the neighboring room was afraid to make a sound, fearing what the men might do to Barry if they did.

"You can take her back now. We don't need her anymore," one of the scientists said absently to the guard. He held up the specimen they had just collected to examine it. "Get this to the lab for analysis," he said, handing the sample to one of the assistants.

As the guard holding onto Caitlin and the assistant left, the doctor snapped on a new pair of gloves.

"Let's continue, then. Shall we?"

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****I just looked down and realized I wrote this whole thing while wearing a STAR labs sweatshirt ;D****

****Reviews are always appreciated! If anyone has any comments or ideas for this fic, please share!****

RedQ

3. For the Greater Good

****I wrote this chapter instead of studying for my exam this week, so I really hope you guys like it! Anybody who reads my other story, Crashing, I'm sorry about the chapter mix up on my latest update. It's all fixed now!****

****00010595****: Well, I ****_am_**** the Queen of Hell ;)****

****Natalia Greyson****: Thank you so much! And I kept your suggestion in mind and incorporated it into this chapter. I hope you like it! As for the STAR labs sweatshirt, I believe I got it on Ebay for \$20 and**

I love it! So worth it! **

TrueLoveExists02:**Thanks for all your support! I appreciate that I can always count on a review from you in both of my stories. Your reviews keep me going!**

For the Greater Good

"Ugh, this smell is starting to get to me," one of the scientists said, pinching his nose. The scent of burning flesh permeated the air in the small laboratory, and it had even managed to partially seep into the adjacent room.

"If it's too much for you, then get out of my lab," Doctor Holland said sternly, her nostrils flaring, "I don't tolerate complainers."

The other scientist looked down, blushing. "It's not too much for me," he muttered.

The head doctor ignored him, looking back down at the burn wound she had just created on their subject.

"I think we're ready to advance to third degree now," she said thoughtfully, "I want to see if it will scar. So far, nothing has."

Another scientist handed her the hotter brand. After cleansing the area of skin, she brought the large brand down on the expanse of flesh, ignoring the blood-curdling scream that it produced from their subject. She held it there for a bit longer than the last ones, becoming irritated when the young man started to squirm and continued to scream.

She permitted a small smile at one of the other scientists when he put the gag back into the subject's mouth, squelching out the screams that were echoing throughout the room.

"Thank you," she said absently, looking back down at the wound, "Increase the IV drip rate. He's lost too much fluid. I won't have my results affected by dehydration."

Four days into research, and they had already discovered so much. It was a slow process though. Every experiment seemed to take too long, and she became irritated when the subject's bodily needs got in the way of their progress. They had tried feeding him at first, forcing food roughly down his throat, but it fired back on them when he started vomiting during their next procedure, so they decided to withhold food from him now for the time-being.

Dr. Holland noticed his metabolic processes were starting to slow down from the lack of nutrients. Seeing how long it would take for his body to shut down, it seemed to her, would be just another interesting experiment.

Every now and then, Dr. Holland would look away from whatever procedure she was doing, and she would look briefly into the face of her subject. His pleading, tear-filled eyes would stare back at her, and she would feel her stomach churn. She found herself hating him for it. Whatever sense of guilt or morality she felt would be quickly

replaced by resentment and disgust for the man. He was so weak, and he was being selfish, wanting to keep these abilities for himself.

Did he not realize that what they were doing was for the greater good? He thought of himself as some sort of tragic hero, but really they were the heroes. What they were doing would help way more people than he ever did as the Flash. If they could harvest his abilities and bestow them on US military, they would be able to accomplish way more than he could as just one man alone.

It didn't take long for any feelings of guilt she had to be snuffed out by her sense of duty. Within a few days, she didn't even remotely consider the subject a person. Really, he wasn't human. He was a metahuman, and human rights shouldn't even really apply to him.

This is what Dr. Holland told herself as she brought the brand back down on a new area of skin, ignoring the renewed scent of burning flesh it created and hardly even hearing the muffled scream it brought.

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"What did you see?" Joe asked him urgently. Cisco opened his eyes that he had been squeezing shut, and he looked sadly around at all of them, shaking his head.

"Team Arrow still doesn't know we're missing. They're still in Star City, completely unaware."

The rest of them collectively let out the breath they had all been holding.

"And Harry?" Caitlin asked hopefully.

"Still out looking for Jesse," Cisco answered flatly.

"Damn," Joe muttered.

"They'll notice eventually," Iris said surely, "It's only a matter of time."

"Yeah, but it might be time that Barry doesn't have," Caitlin said quietly, turning to look through the glass and into the room where they were keeping him. Barry was lying flat on the table with his eyes closed, resting as much as he could while they took new samples from him.

This was the only time he seemed to get any resemblance of a break, when they were simply drawing new blood samples and swabbing his mouth for saliva. Compared to what they were normally doing to him, a few needles pricks were a walk in the park.

One of the guards suddenly entered the room where Cisco, Caitlin, Iris and Joe were being kept.

"You," he said, pointing randomly at Joe, "Come with me."

Joe moved forward to exit with the guard, quickly making their way into the other room where they were keeping Barry. When they entered

the bright room, Joe was taken aback by the pungent smell of antiseptic and bleach. Barry still had his eyes closed and didn't seem to know Joe was there. Joe wanted to call out to him, but he was afraid they would hurt Barry if he did, so he stayed silent as the guard brought him over to stand in the corner of the room.

Barry's eyes shot open when all the restraints were suddenly removed from his limbs. Joe could see angry red marks on his wrists and ankles where the metal bands had been cutting into his flesh. The skin was rubbed raw and looked extremely painful.

Before Barry could react to being unstrapped so suddenly, he was roughly flipped over onto his stomach. Joe saw that Barry was starting to squirm, but he stopped moving when a scalpel was pressed to his throat.

"Don't move," Dr. Holland said darkly to him in her strong Russian accent.

"You're not going to kill me," Barry responded smugly, smiling slightly.

"No, I'm going to kill him," she said, removing the scalpel and gesturing at Joe. Barry turned his head to the side to see Joe standing in the corner.

"Joe," Barry breathed to himself, his eyes going wide. Joe stared back at him with sad eyes, wishing he could do more for Barry than just stand there and be used against him in this way.

"Now," Dr. Holland said to Barry, "You need to stay completely still for this procedure. If you move, not only are you going to risk causing damage to yourself, you're also going to hurt 'Joe' over there. Got it?"

Barry nodded, tears forming in his eyes as he locked his gaze with Joe's.

Once they had him draped, Joe watched as the scientists started to palpate Barry's spine.

"Here," one of the scientists said, pressing his fingers into Barry's vertebrae. Another scientist landmarked the spot for the procedure with a marker while Dr. Holland pulled out what was probably the largest needle Joe had ever seen in his life. Just the sight of it made Joe feel dizzy, and he was glad that Barry couldn't see it.

Joe tried to keep his facial expressions calm as he watched the doctors prepare for the procedure, knowing that Barry was watching his face and that if he started to look scared, it would only make Barry more frightened. He wished he could have warned Barry though before they started.

Without warning, Dr. Holland guided the needle into Barry's spine. Barry gasped and jerked violently at the unexpected sharp pain.

"Dammit!" Dr. Holland uttered when the needle slipped out of place and went in deeper and crooked into his spine. "I said don't move!" she yelled at him, withdrawing the needle. She gestured at the guard

holding Joe.

"Noo!" Barry shouted, "No, please! I didn't mean to! Please! I didn't mean to move!"

The guard ignored him, however, and he started to beat on Joe, bringing his fist into Joe's stomach, knocking the air out of him.

"No! Please! Please don't hurt him!"

When Joe sank to his knees the guard continued to hit him repeatedly.

"Please stop!" Barry cried, "Please! Hurt me! I'm the one who moved! Hurt me instead!"

After a few more hits for good measure, the guard withdrew his fists and left Joe on the ground, bleeding and breathing heavily.

"I'm okay, Bar," Joe said breathlessly, bracing himself up on his arms, "Don't worry. I'm fine."

Joe felt himself roughly pulled back to his feet by the guard, who nodded back to the doctor. She knelt down to be face to face Barry, who was still sobbing uncontrollably.

"That's what happens when you don't cooperate," she said darkly to him in a quiet voice, "We're going to try this again. If you move a second time, I'll have him beaten again, but this time I won't have them stop."

She stood back up to full height, looking down at Barry with disgust. Dr. Holland then moved back around the table to resume her position for the procedure, retaking the needle for a second time. When she inserted the needle this time, Joe heard Barry hiss in pain, but he didn't move a muscle.

As they extracted his spinal fluid, Joe could see silent tears flowing from Barry's eyes, which he kept closed tightly as he gritted his teeth against the pain. Barry was completely still. Joe didn't even see him take a single breath until the procedure was over.

"Let's just hope that slip up didn't cause any permanent damage," Dr. Holland said bitterly as they flipped him back over. Barry gasped once he was on his back, whimpering slightly when they re-secured the restraints to his raw wrists and ankles.

"Move your fingers for me," she ordered sharply at Barry. Barry complied silently, moving his fingers as she had instructed.

"Now your feet," she said coldly, once she was satisfied that he was still able to move his hands.

Joe looked anxiously at Barry's feet, a sinking feeling in his stomach when he saw that only one of them was moving. The other remained completely still.

"Dammit!" Holland said, glaring at Barry as if restraining herself

from hitting him, "Stupid boy!"

"Is there anything we can do about it?" one of the other scientists asked her anxiously, assessing the leg.

"No," she said angrily, "We'll have to hope that it fixes itself. Otherwise we'll just have to make do with a damaged subject."

Joe watched angrily as she poked at the dead limb, testing its reflexive response.

"He's not a subject!" Joe burst angrily, no longer able to contain himself. Here they had seriously injured Barry, possibly permanently, and they were blaming him for it. "Stop calling him that!"

Joe regretted his outburst the moment it left his lips. The doctor glared at him dangerously, taking a step closer to him.

"What was that?" she asked in a quiet, chilling voice.

"Nothing!" Joe said quickly in an apologetic voice, "I shouldn't have. I'm sorry!"

"Not as sorry as you're going to be," she said darkly, "That was extremely stupid of you."

"Please," Joe begged, "I didn't mean it! I'm sorry! Don't hurt him, please!"

Without a word, Dr. Holland gestured at the guard to remove Joe from the room. Once he was back in the other room with the others, Joe saw her turn back to Barry.

"I wasn't planning to do my osteo experiments until next week," she told him emotionlessly, "But thanks to your dad over there, or whatever the hell he is to you, I think I'll start a little earlier than planned."

She turned to one of the lab assistants.

"Grab the sledgehammer."

â€¦

General Eiling stepped off of the helicopter with ease. It was good to be back in Central City again. He nodded absently at the soldiers who saluted him through the doors. When he entered the office of the leading officer, the man stood immediately and also saluted him.

"General, sir," he said, "What brings you here?"

"I thought I'd check in on Dr. Holland," the general said lazily, "See how our latest project is coming along."

"Of course, sir," the officer said, "She's in there right now actually. Would you like me to walk you there?"

"I know the way," Eiling said dismissively before abruptly leaving the office to make his way to the facility's laboratory wing. When he

entered the lab, Eiling was pleased to see Dr. Holland busy at work. One of the scientists was just bringing a sledgehammer down to the subject's kneecap when Eiling walked into the room.

"I see we've been making progress," Eiling said approvingly after the subject's cries of pain had subsided.

"General Eiling," Holland said surprisedly, setting down her clipboard and making her way over to the general, "I have so much to tell you about! We've learned quite a bit."

"And I'd love to sit down with you to hear about it," the general told her, "but first I'd like to take a look at everything we're doing in here."

"Of course, sir," Holland said, gesturing for him to feel free to explore. With a brief, unaffected glance at the captives that were glaring him down on the other side of the glass, Eiling moved forward to stand next to the examination table.

"Excellent," he muttered, placing a not-so-gentle hand on the shattered knee. The Flash whimpered slightly at the contact, but he didn't say or do anything more to react. With approval, Eiling saw that this was far from being the meta's only broken bone. It looked like his arms and legs were all broken in multiple places, healing crookedly at different angles.

The man on the table seemed to be delirious, small noises occasionally escaping his throat. He gazed at Eiling with heavily lidded eyes, and he was exhaling forcefully with each breath he took.

"I know you think we're doing this just to hurt you," the general muttered to him in an emotionless voice, "but we're doing this for a reason. Our military is going to benefit greatly from this research."

The young man didn't respond. He stared at Eiling with blank eyes, and the general wasn't entirely sure if he was even understanding his words.

"Your country thanks you for your sacrifice," he said callously.

"Fuck you," Barry breathed, glaring at him with fiery eyes.

Eiling's previously blank face stretched into a grin.

"You just made this a whole lot easier, Mr. Allen."

General Eiling looked over to the scientist holding the sledgehammer. "Feel free to continue your experiment while I have a word with Dr. Holland over here," he said joyfully before exiting the lab with the female doctor.

Once on the other side of the door, Eiling heard the young man let out a long, penetrating scream that lingered down the hallway. With satisfaction, General Eiling felt a grin spread across his face as he walked.

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****I know, I'm pure evil. More whump coming up in the next chapter! In the meantime, please leave a review for me!****

RedQ

4. Human Rights

****And the Barry whump continues! Sorry if my last chapter was a bit too much for some people. This is a pretty gory fic, hence the medical gore warning in the description. I'm not a fan of gore, but I ****_am_****a fan of Hurt!Barry, so I'm sorry, but I'm going to keep hurting him. *Twirls mustache evilly. ****

****Hope you enjoy this chapter! Sorry, it's a short one.****

****SnowyDoves and TrueLoveExists02****: I thought it would be more interesting if the scientists working on him weren't these nameless, faceless demons without souls. To make them just pure evil, I thought, would be unrealistic, so I'm glad you like seeing things through their eyes.****

****Naruto9tails:****Don't worry, I'll be putting in some anger and resistance in the later chapters. I agree with you that this whole situation is very Nazi-like. I actually got some inspiration for this story from a holocaust book I was reading, so I did incorporate that vibe into this story. I thought maybe I made Eiling a little extreme, but if you think about the way he is in the show, it's not that far off. He truly is like a modern day Hitler.****

****Human Rights****

"I have that last set of scans for you, Doctor."

"Thank you," Dr. Holland said dismissively to the assistant, who then left the room. She hung the X-rays up on the wall against the backlight. "Wow, look at this," she said to the other doctor in the room, "The bones are completely fused already. I doubt he could walk on that leg with the way it's set, but still, that's amazing."

The other scientist nodded his agreement.

"Should we start rebreaking them now so we can set them straight?"

"Not yet," Holland said thoughtfully. "It won't make any difference if we leave them like that for a while. I'd much rather move on to other things. Do you have those MRIs I asked for?" she asked him.

"Yes, Doctor. They should be ready now. I'll go fetch them for you," he said before exiting the room.

For the first time, Dr. Holland found herself in the room alone with the subject. She turned towards him to see that he was sound asleep. She and the others had spent the last half hour going over their results, and the man had clearly used this time to rest and recover

as much as he could. She was glad to see that he had come to his senses. A few days ago he would have wasted energy by tugging uselessly at his restraints, rubbing his skin raw while accomplishing nothing.

Her eyes rested on his sleeping face, a part of him she rarely ever looked at. It was easier to do now when his eyes were closed and he wasn't staring back at her with a pleading expression displayed on his handsome features. As she looked at him, Dr. Holland realized that she didn't even know his name. His family members in the next room had called it out repeatedly, yet she didn't know what it was. She often tuned out the noise they made, the same way she tuned out the pleading that came from the man when she was working on him.

She looked through a few of the medical charts they had in the room, but there was no name written in any of them. All of them simply said subject #00227. None of them actually had his name in them. With a jolt, Dr. Holland threw the files down. Why did she even care? It didn't matter what his name used to be. He's not even a person anymore. The person he was before died the night of the particle accelerator explosion. Now he's just another metahuman, one that needs to be controlled and contained. One that needs to be studied.

Clearing her throat and straightening up, she walked back over to the specimen on the table to assess the burn scars she had left on him a few days ago. The fact that she had managed to leave a permanent mark on him told her that he wasn't completely invincible. His body couldn't heal _everything, _and there were some scars that would probably never go away. She absently reached out to his stomach to lightly touch one of them. The man's eyes shot open at her slightest touch, quickly focusing to stare at her in fear.

"What are you doing?" he rasped fearfully, his breath catching in his throat.

"Nothing," she said quietly, not even sure why she was even answering him. She didn't normally even acknowledge him, let alone answer his questions. "I'm assessing your wounds."

He stared at her with a strange expression on his face. It wasn't the same pleading look he usually gave her. After a moment he said, "Can I have some water? Please?"

She didn't know why she expected him to say anything else. For the past two days, that seemed to be all the subject talked about. Water. She hadn't really listened to the plea until now. She stared down at him, trying to decide whether or not to indulge his request.

"Please," he said, "Just a sip. Just a drop of water. Anything. Please."

Why was she doing this? Why was she reaching over to grab a bottle of water for him? He had an IV. He didn't really need it. So why was she now bringing the bottle to his lips?

He looked so surprised and so grateful that he had tears in his eyes as took the first swallow of water she provided. Dr. Holland felt something she hadn't been expecting to feel. Pity.

She wasn't supposed to be doing this. She wasn't supposed to sympathize with him. It was against her training. It was weak. After only a few swallows of water, she suddenly pulled the bottle sharply away.

"That's enough," she said quietly, setting the water down.

"Please," he begged, "Just a little more. Please!"

She struck him hard across the face.

"I said that's enough!" she yelled, her usually detached voice now radiating with emotion. She turned her back to him, taking a deep breath.

"I have that MRI, Doctor," the other scientist said, returning into the room. He looked at her for a moment before saying, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," she said calmly, straightening up and resuming her detached demeanor, "Let's take a look."

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"The CCPD is looking for us," Cisco said suddenly, his eyes still slightly unfocused.

They all looked up at him in shock.

"They're looking for us?" Joe said, "They know we're gone?"

"Well, considering you and Barry both work there, it's not surprising that they noticed your absence," Caitlin pointed out.

"They've declared it a missing persons' case," Cisco informed them, "They're searching the city."

"What if we're not in Central City anymore?" Iris asked nervously, "We could be anywhere right now."

"No, we're in Central," Cisco said surely, "At least that I know."

"So the police could maybe find us?" Iris asked hopefully.

"I wouldn't count on that," Joe answered, "This is a military facility. Even if they could get in here, why would they suspect it? They would have no reason to believe the US government wanted to abduct us."

"This is still good though," Cisco pointed out, "It's only a matter of time now before the news reaches Star City. We're one step closer to being saved."

"It could still take a long time though," Caitlin pointed out, "Once the news reaches Team Arrow, they're still going to have to find us."

"Well, I have faith in Felicity's skills. If anyone can find us, she

can," Cisco said confidently.

Their musings were interrupted by a sharp cry that issued from the other room. No matter how many times Barry screamed, they never got used to the sound. At least the scientists seemed to be done breaking his bones for now. The crunching and snapping sounds of Barry's bones breaking and then being rebroken countless times had been one of the worst sounds any of them had ever heard. Nothing was worse though, than the sound of Barry's pained screams echoing throughout both rooms. It was enough to make their hair stand on end.

None of them wanted to look into the medical room anymore. None of them wanted to see what they were doing to Barry in there. It didn't stop them though. They needed to know, as much as they didn't want to, so they all reluctantly peered through that dreaded glass to see the new torturous experiment the scientists were inflicting upon Barry today.

The doctors were cutting into Barry's upper leg, peeling back a thick layer of skin in the process. Blood gushed from the wound as the doctor performing the procedure separated the layers of skin in one tantalizingly slow movement. It was enough to make all of their stomachs churn.

To them, it felt like Barry's strangled screaming was piercing into their very souls. As the large square of skin was being removed, one of the younger lab assistants in the room suddenly doubled over and started dry heaving.

"Get out of here!" one of the older scientists yelled, "Don't set foot in this lab again!"

The young assistant nodded apologetically before exiting the room, his face green. Barry lay shaking on the table, staring blankly at the ceiling.

"This needs to get on ice right away," the doctor muttered, transferring the skin graft over to the bowl of ice sitting next to the table. "Take this sample to lab four," he said, handing it off to another assistant.

"I think I'll get an extra sample for them to work on in lab three as well," he said absently to himself, "They're nearly finished analyzing the lymphatic and endocrine samples we gave them."

He moved around the table to access Barry's other leg.

"Please," Barry rasped, his voice hoarse from screaming, "Please, just stop. I can't take any more. Just stop. I can't do this. Please."

The doctor started cleansing an area of skin on Barry's other leg, deaf to his pleas. He picked up a scalpel.

"I'm a person," Barry said to him in a little more than a whisper, "I'm a person. I can feel what you're doing. I can feel."

Barry took in a shuddering breath as the doctor cut into his leg.

"Please," he said a little louder, "Please! That hurts! I can feel what you're doing to me! Please! I'm a person! I'm a person!"

Barry knew it was no use. He started to sob, no longer caring about his pride or about putting up a brave front for his family. He sobbed shamelessly as he continued to deliriously chant 'I'm a person' repeatedly under his breath. He had long since given up the hope of passing out. His brain just wouldn't let him, so Barry laid there, enduring it while he continued to mutter deliriously to himself.

Barry's friends and family watched him break down with tears flowing freely down all of their cheeks. They were surprised by how long he had held out against the pain. It was enough to match even Oliver's resolve. Having been there for two weeks now, they all felt their hearts break when they realized that even if they made it out of this, Barry would never be the same. He would heal, but they would lose a part of him in the process.

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****More coming soon! In the meantime, please review!****

****RedQ****

5. The Right Moment

****thabeathabsy:******I can't believe I hadn't thought of your idea already! I incorporated it into this chapter, and I hope you like it. I really enjoyed writing it because I love writing emotions! Thanks for your input! (And you can expect a new chapter for Crashing tonight)**

****SnowyDoves:******Yes, Dr. Holland is a ******_very_******complicated character. Just when you think she's good, she turns around and does something unspeakable again. I love writing her conflicting emotions because she is constantly at war with herself. You can definitely expect more from her character ;)**

****The Right Moment****

"He won't open his mouth," one of the doctors said as she tried to pry his lips open to insert a pill into his mouth, "Does this have to be taken orally? Can't we just push it through his IV?"

"No," Dr. Holland said, coming over to stand next to the struggling scientist, "It has to be swallowed. Here, let me try."

She took the pill from the other women, and looked up at the guard, "Can you come here and hold his head still?"

The guard walked over to stand at the head of the table, placing a hand on each side of Barry's head to hold it in place so he couldn't turn his head away from the doctor. Dr. Holland managed to force the pill into his mouth. Barry tried to spit it out, but she kept her cold, gloved hand clasped tightly over his mouth, waiting impatiently for him to swallow it. He didn't.

"It's going to dissolve in his mouth," the younger scientist observed.

"I know," Dr. Holland said, "He's being difficult today."

"Do you want me to grab a family member?" the guard asked quietly.

"No," Holland said, "It's not worth it for something as simple as this. Let go of him," she said, giving up with a sigh.

When they removed their hands, Barry instantly turned his head to the side and spit the partially dissolved pill out of his mouth. He didn't know what they were trying to give him, but he knew that whatever it was, he didn't want it in his body. He glared up at them stubbornly. He was past begging. He was past crying. Now, all he was angry. He loathed these people with a hatred he hadn't even known he was capable of. White hot rage consumed him every time they touched him or even looked at him. The sounds of their voices made his blood boil, and he longed desperately to hurt them, to inflict pain on them. He urgently needed them to feel just a fraction of the pain that they had given him.

Dr. Holland leaned down again to bring herself face to face with Barry. He glared at her.

"You are going to take this pill," she said dangerously in the thick Russian accent that Barry had come to despise so much.

"No," Barry growled, his hands itching to wrap around her throat, "I'm not."

"I'll give you one last chance to cooperate," she said in a deadly voice. She held up another pill, waiting expectantly for him to open his mouth.

"Die, bitch."

Dr. Holland closed her eyes for a moment. When she reopened them, they were scary calm. Somehow, her reserved nature was more terrifying than it would have been if she had gotten angry. Instead she stayed unnervingly calm. She stood up straight, looking away from him.

"Should I grab that family member now?" the guard asked unsurely. She shook her head silently. She walked over to a table off to the side.

"There are easier ways of getting what we want," she said, "Sometimes you have to give in order to get."

The others looked at her with a confused expression, but she only smiled. She knew what Barry wanted most at the moment, and she was going to use it against him. Barry craned his head to see what she was going to do, but he was surprised when she knelt down next to him again, holding up...a bottle of water.

With satisfaction, she saw his stubborn expression change slightly at the sight of it, his anger being replaced by longing. She had stopped his IV two days ago and knew he was aching for even just a drop of

water right now. She watched his face smugly as he stared yearningly at the water in her hand.

"Maybe you'll have an easier time swallowing this pill if you have something to wash it down with. Are you thirsty, Barry?" she asked manipulatively, using his name for the first time. He nodded silently, tears filling his eyes as he intently watched the water bottle in her hand.

"Will you take this pill if I give you some water?" she asked in a high pitched, friendly voice.

He nodded again, his eyes going wide. With a smug smile, she brought the pill to his now unresisting lips, shortly following it with the bottle of water.

He gasped when she pulled the water away much too soon.

"Please," he said, following the bottle with his eyes as she set it off to the side. She smiled and stood up straight again. It was almost _too_ easy to manipulate him.

"You see?" she said to the others, "All you have to do is take something away and then they become a lot more cooperative. His family isn't his only weakness."

They all nodded at her, impressed.

"Dr. Holland?" one of the lab assistants asked, poking his head into the room, "General Eiling is here. He wants to see you and be updated on the progress you've been making."

"Yes, of course," Holland said, grabbing a few of her files and making for the door.

"What do you want us to work on while you're gone, Doctor?" one of the other scientists asked. She looked at his face while he asked this question. He was staring hungrily at the man on the table, a sick, menacing sort of stare that made Dr. Holland feel uneasy for some reason. Suddenly, she found herself not trusting leaving him in this room alone with the subject.

"I'd like you to report to lab three," she said firmly, "All of you. We will resume our experiments when I return."

They all looked disappointed.

"Are you sure?" the other scientist asked, still glancing menacingly at the subject on the table, "I thought maybe we could startâ€"

"I said to leave the room, Dr. Adams," she said dangerously.

"Yes, Doctor," he answered immediately and exited the room. Dr. Holland stood near the door, not moving again until she had seen them all leave the small lab. With one last glance at the subject at the table, Dr. Holland exited the room last.

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Silence echoed around the room. All Barry could hear was the steady

beep of his heart monitor. He craned his head in multiple angles to look around the room, to see if he was actually alone. It had to be a trick. They didn't do this. They didn't leave him alone. There was always someone in there with him. But sure enough, as he looked around the room, there were no guards, no people in white coats, just an empty room.

"Bar," he heard Joe call out, "Bar can you hear us? Is the sound coming through?"

Barry turned his head where he laid to look at Joe. He nodded weakly. Joe let out a grateful sigh.

"How are you doing, Bar?" he asked, "How are you holding up?"

All of the resistance, all of the stubbornness and anger that Barry had been feeling a moment ago evaporated.

"I couldn't help it," he rasped, "I saw the water andâ€|"

"It's okay, Barry," Iris said brokenly, "You're doing so well. You're doing better than anyone can ever expect from you, or from anyone for that matter."

Barry closed his eyes in exhaustion for a moment, but after a couple seconds he reopened them.

"Caitlin," he said, "Do you know what they've been giving me?"

Caitlin looked at him with tear filled eyes, "I've overheard them mention a couple different drugs, but I couldn't begin to guess what all of them are for."

Barry nodded slightly. He closed his eyes again. He was trying to stay awake, trying to take advantage of this moment with them, but he was sooo tiredâ€|

"Don't worry, Barry," Cisco said, "I've been keeping an eye on everything that's happening on the outside, and Team Arrow knows now that we're missing. They should be looking for us. It's only a matter of time now until we're found."

Barry forced his eyes to open again. "I can't wait any longer," he breathed, "I don't have it in me. I can't do this. I'm just not strong enough. I can't."

"Barry," Iris cried, "You just have to hold on a little longer. It could be any day now that we'll be rescued and this whole nightmare will be over."

Barry shook his head, "It could take them weeks to find us," he muttered, "If they ever find us."

"You're strong, Bar," Joe told him, "You can do this. You just have to keep holding on."

"I can't, Joe," Barry said, "I can't do this. I can't think straight anymore. These people, they're messing with my head. I thinkâ€|"

Tears shone in Barry's eyes, and he swallowed back a sob before he said in a choked voice, "I think I'm going to die here."

"Barry, no. You're not going to die!" Caitlin cried, "That's not going to happen!"

"I'm scared," Barry admitted, the tears now brimming over in his eyes, "I'm so scared."

"We're here for you, man!" Cisco called to him, "You're not alone in this. We're here for you."

They all knew it was only small comfort, that there really wasn't much they could do for him on this side of the glass, that they couldn't stop these people from hurting him. It broke their hearts to see Barry so afraid and so hopeless.

"Barry," Iris said thickly through her tears, which were now falling uncontrollably, "You need to stay alive. You have to stay alive for us, okay?"

Barry turned his head away from them and let out a sob. He kept his head turned.

"Barry?"

"I just want this to be over," he whispered.

"It will be, Bar," Joe said, "It will be soon. Just hold on for us. Just hold on."

Barry didn't answer. He kept his head turned.

"Bar?"

"Joe," Caitlin whispered, "Maybe we should just let him rest. He's exhausted, and his body really needs it."

Joe nodded and wiped the tears from his face. They all resumed their seated positions on the floor and sat in sad silence. The lab had an eering, yet deceiving calmness to it when it was void of all of the scientists that usually occupied it. None of them said a word as they sat there in the stillness, listening to the steady beeping of Barry's heart monitor.

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Barry's heart felt like it was going to explode. He could feel it pounding almost painfully inside his chest as the doctor approached him with what looked like a small clipper-like device. The scientist placed the razor sharp clippers half way over Barry's ring finger on his left hand. Sweating slightly, the scientist looked questioningly over at Dr. Holland who was supervising the procedure. She nodded to him.

Barry squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his teeth when the man squeezed down on the clippers. His finger didn't separate instantly and the doctor had to apply more force to detach the digit from his hand completely.

A small cry escaped Barry's lips, but he snuffed it out quickly, feeling hot tears slide down the sides of his face as he succumbed to the pain.

As she watched, Iris doubled over and started to gag.

"Come on," Caitlin said quietly to her, placing a gentle hand on Iris's back. She led her over to the small bathroom, where Iris proceeded to empty out the contents of her stomach.

"Do you want to go back out there?" Caitlin asked quietly. Iris shook her head forcefully, trying not to think about the fact that she had just watched Barry get one of his fingers cut off by some sadistic scientist.

"No," she cried, "I can't take anymore. I can't stand to see any more of what they're doing to him."

Caitlin nodded understandingly.

"Barry is going to survive this," Caitlin told her, "He's strong. He's going to make it through this."

"But not in one piece," Iris said quietly from the bathroom floor, "He's never going to be the same after this. I'm going to lose him. I'm going to lose the Barry that I know."

"Barry will come back from this," Caitlin said surely, "I know he will."

"There's only so much a person can take, Caitlin. There's only so much that you can come back from."

"Well then I guess it's lucky for us that Barry is more than just any person," Caitlin responded, "He's Barry. He can make it through anything. You just need to believe in him."

Iris shook her head, squeezing her eyes shut as tears continued to stream down her face.

"They're breaking him, Caitlin," she said quietly.

"Which is why we need to be strong for him," Caitlin said, "We need to be there for him, to lend Barry any strength that we can."

Caitlin extended her arm to Iris, "Come on," she said, "Barry needs us."

Iris took a deep, shaky breath before taking Caitlin's hand so she could help her up off the bathroom floor. Together, they went back out to join the others, where they hoped their presence was at least a slight comfort to Barry, knowing that it wasn't nearly enough.

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Nobody's coming. Nobody's coming to help me. These were the words that kept repeating themselves in Barry's head. He knew that Eiling

knew how to cover his tracks and how to hide. The chances of Harry or Team Arrow finding them were slim. Nobody's coming.

As bright as the room was, Barry felt like he was constantly in darkness. He remembered back to his mother telling him that it wasn't the dark he was afraid of. He was afraid of being alone in the dark. But he wasn't alone now. His family was right there. They were there for him, even though they couldn't do anything to help him from the other side of that glass.

Barry shivered against the cold of the room. He kept his eyes closed, tired of seeing the emotionless faces of the scientists looking down on him. He could feel hands on him, doing some procedure or other. It felt like there were always hands on him, cold fingers that touched him roughly as if he were just an object to them. He flinched at their touch, always fearing what they were planning to do next.

His finger hadn't grown back, much to the disappointment of the researchers. Barry hardly even noticed its absence. All of his fingers and toes were numb with cold anyways. They could have cut all of his fingers off and he doubted whether he would have noticed their absence at this point.

Nobody's coming, he thought to himself again. Barry knew he was on his own. His friends and family wouldn't be able to help him from where they were. He would have to help himself. Barry was desperate to get out of there. He knew he would eventually die there if he didn't. Any escape attempt, no matter how slim, would be worth it for him to try. He just needed to wait for the right moment, the right opportunity.

"Should we grab a family member first?" he heard one of the scientists ask. Barry didn't open his eyes, but instead listened intently to Dr. Holland's response.

"No," she said, "He's been unresponsive all morning. I don't think he's going to give us any trouble."

Barry's heart leapt when he felt the restraints on his left side being removed. He waited until they had roughly turned him on his side before cracking his eyes open.

There it was! A scalpel. Sitting on the wheeled surgical table right in front of him. Barry took a second to try to calculate how many people were in the room. It was too many. There were three scientists, two lab assistants, and two guards, and there were sure to be more waiting out in the hallway.

Still, Barry had to try. In one quick, desperate motion, Barry suddenly lunged his free hand forward to grab for the scalpel in front of him, feeling his fingers close triumphantly around the cold metal instrument.

"Hey!" several of the scientists yelled, rushing forward. Without thinking, Barry swung back around, blindly slashing the scalpel at the people behind him. He felt it make contact with one of them, but he didn't waste time to see who. He frantically brought the scalpel down to his own wrist, the one that was still restrained. Now slick with blood, Barry tried to slide the wrist free from the restraints, while swinging the scalpel out at them again.

His slashed out blindly at the scientists, who all collectively stepped back from him, shocked by the sudden rebellion. Barry's bleeding right wrist was still in its restraint, and although he knew it would hurt like hell, he knew what he would have to do to free it. In one desperate movement, Barry twisted his wrist at an odd angle. He felt it break with a sickening pop.

Feeling dizzy, Barry pulled his hand free. All that remained was his right ankle. He held the scalpel up, pointing it at all of them in warning, but their shock was starting to wear off, and they all advanced on him at once, easily wrenching the scalpel free from his grasp. Filled with adrenaline, Barry continued to yell and hit and kick at all of them, but it was pointless. There were simply too many of them, and he was too weak to keep fighting. He felt his last hope of escaping evaporate as he was pinned back down to the table by their strong arms.

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His friends and family stood on edge in the other room as they watched Barry's desperate attempt to escape. They were all crushed when they saw the group of scientists overpower him. They wanted to tell him to keep fighting, to not give up, but they knew it was futile.

The scientists wrestled Barry back into his restraints, which finally locked into place with audible clicks. Afterwards, they all stood there, collectively breathing heavily in the aftermath of the unexpected escape attempt.

"Are you alright, Dr. Holland?" one of them asked the female scientist with concern.

"I'm fine," she said harshly, holding a hand to her left cheek. Blood was gushing through her fingers. She pulled them away to reveal a long gash along her face, an inch under her eye, from when Barry had slashed out with the scalpel.

"That's going to need stitches," one of the doctors said to her. She nodded at him.

"I'll go get it sutured. In the meantime," she said darkly, looking at Barry on the table, who was still breathing heavily from the fight, "Nobody touch him. Wait until I get back."

The scientists all nodded to her as she left. One of them moved forward to control the bleeding on Barry's wrist, but otherwise, nobody touched him while she was gone.

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"What do you think they're going to do to him?" Iris asked nervously, shaking slightly from the all of the commotion.

"Whatever it is, it can't be good," Cisco said anxiously, "Then again, what more can they do? They really can't do much worse to him than they're already doing, can they?"

"Trust me, Cisco. They can always do worse," Joe muttered, not

looking at any of them, but still looking through the glass, his eyes trained on Barry.

"What was Barry _thinking_?" Caitlin asked incredulously, "There was no way he was ever going to be able to fight his way out of here. He's not exactly at fighting weight right now."

"He's desperate," Joe said, "Clearly he wasn't thinking straight. You inflict enough pain on a person, and they're going to do desperate things to try to escape it."

"Is the Arrow close to finding our location?" Iris asked Cisco desperately.

"They're still looking," Cisco said sadly, "They've been searching the city, and Felicity's been trying to track us down, but they haven't had any luck."

"Well, at least they're looking for us now," Caitlin said, "That's something."

After about an hour, Dr. Holland reentered the room, a large bandage occupying part of her face. They all held their breath, waiting to see what she would do.

"I've decided that we are going to be moving subject 227 to Laboratory five," she told them calmly.

"Lab five?" another scientist said, "Are you sure?"

"Yes," she said, "I think we're ready to proceed with the next phase."

"What about the family?" one of them asked, "What if we need them as leverage?"

"I doubt he'll be resisting us again once we start the next phase," Dr. Holland said darkly, "And if he does, they're always right here. We can always come grab one of them."

Team Flash watched anxiously as Barry was carelessly injected with something to make him sleep and was then transferred onto a stretcher. They saw his unconscious form being carried away, wondering morbidly if this was the last time any of them would see him alive.

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I hope Barry wasn't too OOC in this chapter. I just wanted to have him fight back a bit. Thanks again to thabeathabsy for the idea of giving Barry a moment alone with the others. Sorry if I went a little overboard with all the emotions.

**I think there's only going to be one more chapter to this story. I don't know yet! Let me know your thoughts please! Ideas, suggestions, criticisms, anything! **

End
file.